

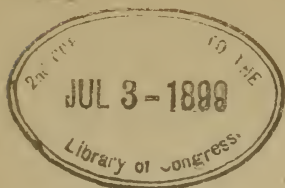
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John B Tabb



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TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

THE COWSLIP.

*IT brings my mother back to me,  
Thy frail, familiar form to see,  
Which was her homely joy ;  
And strange, that one so weak as thou,  
Shouldst lift the veil that sunders now  
The mother and the boy.*





# CONTENTS.

CHERRY BLOOM	PAGE I
DAWN	2
ECHO	3
MORNING AND NIGHT BLOOM	4
EXALTATION	5
HAZARD	6
THE YOUNG TENOR	7
FRATERNITY	8
MY MESSMATE	9
"VOX CLAMANTIS"	10
NIAGARA	11
THE BRIDGE	12
THE STATUE	14
THE SEED	15
THE TREE	16
THE SISTERS	17
THE GOSSIP	18
THE TOLLMEN	19
THE PINE-TREE	20
TRANSFIGURED	21
ANONYMOUS	22
MIDNIGHT	23
INSOMNIA	24
PAIN	25
SYMPATHY	26

MEMORY	PAGE 27
LIVERY	28
SLUMBER-SONG	29
THE SUPPLIANT	30
RELEASED	31
WRECKED	32
GONE	33
AGAINST THE SKY	34
ILLUSION	35
SUNSET AT SEA	36
INTERPRETED	37
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS	38
OFF SAN SALVADOR	39
A SIGH OF THE SEA	40
SHELL-TINTS	42
THE LOST ANCHOR	43
THE SEA-BUBBLE	44
DE PROFUNDIS	45
ALTER IDEM	46
FROM PARADISE	47
SELECTION	48
MAIDEN BLOOM	49
THE RAIN AND THE DEW	50
THE SHOWER	51
RESIGNATION	52
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY	53
CLEOPATRA TO THE ASP	54

ADIEU	PAGE 55
ASLEEP	56
IN SOLITUDE	57
UNHEEDED	58
ALL IN ALL	59
THE DEWS	60
THE LIFE-TIDE	61
ONSET	62
TO A BLIND BABE, SLEEPING	63
FORESHADOWED	64
SUSPENSE	65
IMMORTALITY	66
SECURITY	67
PILGRIMS	68
IN THE DEATH CHAMBER	69
THE DEPARTED	70
THE FOUNDLING	71
RETROSPECT	72
REFLECTION	73
COMMUNION	74
TRANSFIGURATION	75
BREAD	76
SAND	77
THE MARSH	78
BEACON LIGHTS	79
OUTSPEEDED	80
THE SIREN STREAM TO THE OUTCAST	81

AT LAST	PAGE 82
THE PILGRIM	83
MY GUIDE	84
GIULIO	86
BETRAYED	88
THE FIRST SNOW-FALL	89
AN INTERVIEW	90
ANTICIPATION	91
THE TRYST OF SPRING	92
ONE APRIL MORN	93
V AN APRIL PRAYER	94
AN AUTUMN LEAF	95
MATER DOLOROSA	96
INDIAN SUMMER	97
OCTOBER	98
FROM THE UNDERGROUND	99
THE SNOWDROP	100
WIND-FLOWERS	101
AN APRIL BLOOM	102
PEACH BLOOM	103
MIGNONETTE	104
CLOVER	105
IMMORTELLS	106
SONG OF THE MORNING-GLORIES	107
"CONSIDER THE LILIES"	108
TO A WOOD-VIOLET	109
A LOTUS BLOOM	110

A RUBRIC	PAGE 111
THE SNOW-BIRD	112
TO THE WOOD-ROBIN	113
THE DEAD THRUSH	115
CHRISTMAS	116
THE LAMB-CHILD	117
THE ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS QUEST	118
RESTRAINT	119
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS	120
ON CALVARY	121
TO THE CRUCIFIX	122
STABAT MATER	123
EASTER EVE	124
EASTER MORNING	125
EASTER FLOWERS	126
GOD	127
TENEBRÆ	128
DEUS ABSCONDITUS	129
GOD'S LIKENESS	130
MY MEDIATOR	131
THE SONG OF THE MAN	132
CHARITY	133
FULFILMENT	134
ON SEA AND LAND	135
STILLING THE TEMPEST	136
THE POSTULANT	137
PURGATORY	138

BETTER  
LONE-LAND

PAGE 139  
140

## QUATRAINS.

WOMAN	143
OPPORTUNITY	144
LIFE	145
DEATH	146
RELEASE	147
LIGHT	148
IN DARKNESS	149
SILENCE	150
FANCY	151
2 FAME	152
TIME'S LEGACY	153
A CRISIS	154
THE CYNOSURE	155
RESISTANCE	156
THE BILLOWS	157
THE VOYAGER	158
ADRIFT	159
DEEP UNTO DEEP	160
VESTIGES	161
THE MID-DAY MOON	162
TO AN EVENING SHADE	163
HEROES	164
LANIER'S FLUTE	165

POE-CHOPIN	PAGE 166
TO AN EXILE	167
TO A DYING BABE	168
MY SECRET	169
IN ABSENCE	170
A REMONSTRANCE	171
NEW AND OLD	172
THE FIG-TREE	173
THE BEE AND THE BLOSSOMS	174
BONE-CASTANETS	175

## SONNETS.

DAYBREAK	179
FORECAST	180
TO AN IDOL	181
KEDRON	182
THE DRUID	183
THE HERMIT	184
POE	185
SHELLEY	186
AT KEATS'S GRAVE	187





CHERRY BLOOM.

FRAILEST, and first to stand  
Upon the border-land  
From darkness shriven,  
In livery of Death  
Thou utterest the breath  
And light of Heaven.

Tho' profitless thou seem  
As doth a Poet's dream,  
Apart from thee  
Nor limb nor laboring root  
May load with ripened fruit  
The parent tree.

DAWN.

BEHOLD, as from a silver horn,  
The sacerdotal Night  
Outpours upon his latest-born  
The chrism of the light ;  
And bids him to the altar come,  
Whereon for sacrifice,  
(A lamb before his shearers, dumb,)  
A victim shadow lies.

ECHO.

O FAMISHED Prodigal, in vain —  
Thy portion spent — thou seek'st again  
Thy father's door ;  
His all with latest sigh bequeathed  
To thee the wanderer — he breathed,  
Alas ! no more.

MORNING AND NIGHT BLOOM.

A STAR and a rosebud white,  
In the morning twilight gray,  
The latest blossom of the night,  
The earliest of the day ;  
The star to vanish in the light,  
The rose to stay.

A star and a rosebud white,  
In the evening twilight gray,  
The earliest blossom of the night,  
The latest of the day ;  
The one in darkness finding light,  
One, lost for aye.

## EXALTATION.

O LEAF upon the highest bough,  
The Poet of the woods art thou  
To whom alone 't is given —  
The farthest from thy place of birth —  
To hold communion with the earth,  
Nor lose the light of Heaven.

O leaf upon the topmost height,  
Amid thy heritage of light  
Unsheltered by a shade,  
'T is thine the loneliness to know  
That leans for sympathy below,  
Nor finds what it hath made.

HAZARD.

ONE step 'twixt loss and gain !  
The summit to attain  
So near the brink of Pain  
Hath joy to go —

So steep the precipice,  
So frail the footing is,  
'T were death to panting Bliss  
To look below.

## THE YOUNG TENOR.

I WOKE ; the harbored melody  
Had crossed the slumber bar,  
And out upon the open sea  
Of consciousness, afar  
Swept onward with a fainter strain,  
As echoing the dream again.

So soft the silver sound, and clear,  
Outpoured upon the night,  
That Silence seemed a listener  
O'erleaning with delight  
The slender moon, a finger-tip  
Upon the portal of her lip.

## FRATERNITY.

I KNOW not but in every leaf  
That sprang to life along with me,  
Were written all the joy and grief  
Thenceforth my fate to be.

The wind that whispered to the earth,  
The bird that sang its earliest lay,  
The flower that blossomed at my birth, —  
My kinsmen all were they.

Ay, but for fellowship with these  
I had not been — nay, might not be ;  
Nor they but vagrant melodies  
Till harmonized to me.



MY MESSMATE.

WHY fear thee, brother Death,  
That sharest, breath by breath,  
This brimming life of mine ?  
Each draught that I resign  
Into thy chalice flows.  
Comrades of old are we ;  
All that the Present knows  
Is but a shade of me :  
My *Self* to thee alone  
And to the Past is known.

“VOX CLAMANTIS.”

O SEA, forever calling to the shore  
With menace or caress, —  
A voice like his unheeded that of yore  
Cried in the wilderness ;  
A deep forever yearning unto deep,  
For silence out of sound, —  
Thy restlessness the cradle of a sleep  
That thou hast never found.

## NIAGARA.

WHERE echo ne'er hath found  
A footing on the steep,  
Descends, without a sound,  
The cataract of sleep.

Like swallows in the spray,  
When evening is near,  
The thronging thoughts of day  
About the brink appear ;

Till greets a heaven below  
A sister heaven above,  
Alike with stars aglow  
Of unextinguished love.

## THE BRIDGE.

WHERE, as a lordly dream,  
Glides the deep-winding stream  
For evermore ;

Calm, as in conscious strength,  
Bends thy majestic length,  
From shore to shore.

Life, in its fevered heat,  
Surges, with pulsing feet,  
Restless, above ;  
Doomed, in its anxious flow,  
Like the strong tide below,  
Onward to move.

Strange is the motley throng !  
Hearts yet untaught of wrong,  
Thoughtless of pain,  
Mingle with souls accurs'd,  
Sands in a desert thirst —  
Clouds without rain.

While o'er thee and below  
Swift the twin currents flow,  
Thy form serene,  
Still as the shades that sleep  
On the reflecting deep  
Arches between.

O that, all strife above,  
Strong in the strength thereof  
    Man evermore  
Built, with a broader span,  
Love for his fellow-man  
    From shore to shore !

## THE STATUE.

FIRST fashioned in the artist's brain,  
It stood as in the marble vein,  
Revealed to him alone ;  
Nor could he from its native night  
Have led it to the living light,  
Save through the lifeless stone.

E'en so, of Silence and of Sound  
A twin-born mystery is found,  
Like as of death and birth ;  
Without the pause we had not heard  
The harmony, nor caught the word  
That Heaven reveals to Earth.

THE SEED.

BEARING a life unseen,  
Thou lingerest between  
A flower withdrawn,  
And — what thou ne'er shalt see —  
A blossom yet to be  
When thou art gone.

Unto the feast of Spring  
Thy broken heart shall bring  
What most it craved,  
To find, like Magdalen  
In tears, a life again  
Love-lost — and saved !

## THE TREE.

**P**LANTED by the Master's hand  
Steadfast in thy place to stand,  
While the ever-changing year  
Clothes, or strips thy branches bare ;  
Lending not a leaf to hold  
Warmth against the winter's cold ;  
Lightening not a limb the less  
For the summer's sultriness ;  
Nay, thy burden heavier made,  
That within thy bending shade  
Thankless multitudes, oppressed,  
There may lay them down and rest.  
Soul, upon thy Calvary  
Wait ; the Christ will come to thee.



## THE SISTERS.

THE waves forever move ;  
The Hills forever rest :  
Yet each the heavens approve,  
And Love alike hath blessed  
A Martha's household care,  
A Mary's cloistered prayer.

THE GOSSIP.

SO near me dwells my neighbor Death  
That e'en what Silence pondereth  
He catches word for word,  
And promises, some future day,  
To visit me upon his way,  
And tell what he has heard.

## THE TOLLMEN.

L O, Silence, Sleep, and Death  
Await us on the way,  
To take of each the tribute breath  
That God himself did pay.

Nor Solomon's as great,  
Nor Cæsar's strong control,  
As his who sits beside his gate  
To take of each the toll.

THE PINE-TREE.

WITH whispers of futurity  
And echoes of the past,  
Twin birds a shelter find in thee  
Against the wintry blast, —  
The fledgling Hope, that preens her wing,  
Too timorous to fly,  
And Memory, that comes to sing  
Her coranach, and die.

TRANSFIGURED.

THROUGHOUT the livelong summer day  
The Leaf and twinborn Shadow play  
Till Leaf to Shadow fade ;  
Then, hidden for a season brief,  
They dream, till Shadow turn to Leaf  
As Leaf was turned to Shade.

ANONYMOUS.

ANONYMOUS — nor needs a name  
A To tell the secret whence the flame,  
With light, and warmth, and incense, came  
A new creation to proclaim.

So was it when, His labor done,  
God saw His work, and smiled thereon :  
His glory in the picture shone,  
But name upon the canvas, none.

## MIDNIGHT.

A FLOOD of darkness overwhelms the land ;  
And all that God had planned,  
Of loveliness beneath the noonday skies,  
A dream o'ershadowed lies.

Amid the universal darkness deep,  
Only the Isles of Sleep,  
As did the dwellings of the Israelite  
In Egypt, stem the night.

# INSOMNIA.

E'EN this, Lord, didst thou bless —  
This pain of sleeplessness —  
The livelong night,  
Urging God's gentlest angel from thy side,  
That anguish only might with thee abide  
Until the light.  
Yea, e'en the last and best,  
Thy victory and rest,  
Came thus to thee ;  
For 't was while others calmly slept around,  
That thou alone in sleeplessness wast found,  
To comfort me.



PAIN.

I AM a gardener to weed  
And dig about the heart:  
To plant therein the pregnant seed,  
And watch, with many a smart,  
The stem and leaf and blossom rise,  
Alternate to supply  
The victims for the sacrifice,  
And, for the fruit, to die.

SYMPATHY.

L O ! of gladness or regret  
Teardrops in the violet  
Weeping till her leaves are wet,  
Dewdrops in mine eyes beget !

Mirrored in each lucid sphere,  
Highest heaven to earth is near ;  
Closer sympathies are here  
'Twixt the dewdrop and the tear.

# MEMORY.

L O, the Blossom to the Bee  
Yields not more than thou to me —  
Food for Love to live upon  
When the summer days are gone,  
Poorer than they came, to find  
What was sweetest, left behind.

LIVERY.

OLD-FASHIONED raiment suits the Tree :  
Tho' flouting winds are fain  
To strip the foliage, presently  
    He pattern's it again ;  
Fastidious of chivalry,  
    Rejecting as in scorn  
All other than the panoply  
    His ancestors have worn.

SLUMBER-SONG.

SLEEP ! the spirits that attend  
On thy waking hours are fled.  
Heaven thou canst not now offend  
Till thy slumber-plumes are shed ;  
Consciousness alone doth lend  
Life its pain, and Death its dread ;  
Innocence and Peace befriend  
All the sleeping and the dead.

THE SUPPLIANT.

“ O DEWDROP, lay thy finger-tip  
Of moisture on my fevered lip,”

The noonday Blossom cries.

“ Alas, O Dives, dark and deep

The gulf impassable of Sleep

Henceforth between us lies ! ”

RELEASED.

GO, bird, and to the sky  
G Pour forth what thou and I  
Have suffered here:  
Thou, for thy mate removed,  
And I, for faith disproved  
In one as dear.

Farewell; and if again  
Thou find for prison-pain  
Felicity,  
Be this thy glad release  
A prophecy of peace,  
Dear bird, for me!

WRECKED.

DEEP in the forest glades,  
Where leafy welcomes wooed our wandering way,  
Once blent our shadows in the dallying shades  
That round us lay.

Thenceforth, of fate estranged,  
Each day beholds our widowed forms apart:  
The word, the glance, the gesture, coldly changed,  
As heart to heart.

But cometh night to hide  
Life-wrecks, far drifted in the noonday sun,  
And lo, our shadows, in the sombre tide,  
Again are one!



GONE.

THE sunshine seeks thee, and the day,  
Without thee, lonely, wears away:  
And where the twilight shadows pass,  
And miss thy footprints on the grass,  
They weep ; whereat the breezes sigh,  
And, following to find thee, die.

AGAINST THE SKY.

SEE, where the foliage fronts the sky,  
How many a meaning we descry  
That else had never to the eye  
A signal shown!

So we, on life's horizon-line,  
To watchers waiting for a sign,  
Perchance interpret Love's design,  
To us unknown.

## ILLUSION.

AS yonder circling heavens define  
The limits of the sea,  
And Death on Time's horizon-line  
Shuts out Eternity ;  
So, while in banishment apart  
Our widowed lives appear,  
Still holds each love-encompassed heart  
The *centre* of the sphere.

SUNSET AT SEA.

**L**O, where he sinks from sight,  
The day forgets her light ;  
Nor breathes a wave  
To break the silence sweet,  
Where sky and ocean meet  
Above his grave.

# INTERPRETED.

**L**O, eastward o'er the billows white,  
Faint-smiling wakes the Child of Night  
From dreams all rosy with delight : —

What means, O Sea, thy moaning ?

Full noon: and o'er a cloudless sky  
Soft winnowings of fragrance fly :  
In all the land no shadows lie : —

What means, O Sea, thy moaning ?

Far westward, o'er a dying glow,  
Long funeral waves of darkness flow :  
Ah, well-a-day ! too late I know

What means, O Sea, thy moaning !

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

WITH faith unshadowed by the night,  
Undazzled by the day,  
With hope that plumed thee for the flight,  
And courage to assay,  
God sent thee from the crowded ark,  
Christ-bearer, like the dove,  
To find, o'er sundering waters dark,  
New lands for conquering Love.

OFF SAN SALVADOR.

IT lay to westward — as of old,  
An emerald bar across the gold  
Of sunset — whence a vision grand  
First beckoned to the stranger-land.

And on our deck, uncoffined, lay  
A child, whose spirit far away  
The wafture of an angel hand  
Late welcomed to a stranger-land.

A SIGH OF THE SEA.

“ WHY is it ? ” once the Ocean asked,  
As on a summer’s day,  
Basking beneath a cloudless sky,  
In musing rest he lay,

“ Why is it, that, unruffled still,  
The welkin’s brow I see,  
While mine, with racking wind and tide,  
Deep-furrowed oft must be ?

“ Her richest gems, by night displayed,  
Man’s filching grasp defy ;  
But safety for my treasures none,  
Though buried deep they lie.

“ The hands that from her diadem  
In reverence recoil,  
Are bold my depths to penetrate  
And of their wealth despoil.

“ A thousand ships with cruel keel  
My writhing waves divide,  
But mariner hath never steered  
Athwart her tranquil tide.



“ Why is it thus, that rest to her  
And toil to me is given, —  
That she the blessing ever meets,  
And I, the curse of Heaven ? ”

The Ether heard. Through all her depths  
A deeper azure spread,  
And to the murmuring Ocean thus,  
With radiant smile, she said :

“ Who cleaveth to the earth, as thou,  
Ne'er knows tranquillity ;  
Naught pulses in my bosom wide  
But God, whose own am I.”

SHELL-TINTS.

SEA-SHELL, whence the rainbow dyes,  
Flashing in thy sunset skies ?  
Thou wast in the penal brine,  
When appeared the saving sign.  
“ Yea ; but when the bow was bended,  
Hope, that hung it in the sky,  
Down into the deep descended  
Where the starless shadows lie ;  
And with tender touch of glory,  
Traced in living lines of love,  
On my lowly walls, the story  
Written in the heavens above.”

## THE LOST ANCHOR.

AH, sweet it was to feel the strain,  
What time, unseen, the ship above  
Stood steadfast to the storm that strove  
To rend our kindred cords atwain !

To feel, as feel the roots that grow  
In darkness, when the stately tree  
Resists the tempests, that in me  
High Hope was planted far below !

But now, as when a mother's breast  
Misses the babe, my prisoned power  
Deep-yearning, heart-like, hour by hour,  
Unquiet aches in cankering rest.

THE SEA-BUBBLE.

YEA ; a bubble though I be,  
Love, O man, that fashioned thee  
Of the dust, created me  
Not of earth, but of the sea :  
Kindred blossoms then are we —  
Time-blooms on eternity.

DE PROFUNDIS.

**I** HEED it all : no more  
Than to my listening heart,  
Were millions on the shore,  
Couldst thou, O Sea, impart.

So, long in silence sealed,  
The Word Ineffable  
To Mary's heart revealed  
E'en all that God could tell.

ALTER IDEM

'T IS what thou wast — *not* what thou art,  
Which I no longer know —  
That made thee sovereign of my heart,  
And serves to keep thee so:

And couldst thou, coming to the throne,  
Thy Self, *unaltered*, see,  
Thou mightst the occupant disown,  
And scout his sovereignty.

FROM PARADISE.

ALL else that in the limit lies  
Of fleeting time, I see:  
The glance, Belovèd, of thine eyes  
Alone is lost to me.

And in the self-same interval,  
The ever-changing place  
Of light's horizon-line is all  
That meets thy lonely gaze.

Behold the glimmer of a tear,  
The twinkle of a star —  
The shadow and the light how near!  
And yet, alas, how far!

SELECTION.

AMONG the trees, O God,  
Is there not one  
That with unrivalled love  
Thou look'st upon ?

And of all blessèd birds,  
Hath not thy Love  
Found for its fittest mate  
The homing dove ?

Or, mid the flame of flowers  
That light the land,  
Doth not the lily first  
Before thee stand ?

So says my soul, O God,  
The type of thee.  
“ In each life-circle, *one*  
Was made for me.”



MAIDEN BLOOM.

WHERE the youthful rivals meet —  
Reddest Rose, and whitest Snow —  
From a trysting-place so sweet,  
Which will soonest go?  
“Hence with life alone I stray,”  
Blushed the flower of balmy breath.  
“Mine,” the snow-wreath sighed, “to stay  
Steadfast e’en in death.”

THE RAIN AND THE DEW.

“THOU hast fallen,” said the Dewdrop

To a sister drop of rain,

“But wilt thou, wedded with the dust,

In banishment remain ? ”

“Nay, Dewdrop, but anon with thee —

The lowlier born than I —

Uplifted shall I seek again

My native home, the sky.”

## THE SHOWER.

AGAINST the royal Blue,  
A Mist rebellious flew —  
A night-born, wind-uplifted shade  
That for an angry moment stayed,  
Then wept itself away.

The Earth with moistened eyes  
Beholds the sunlit skies  
Again : but never to forget  
The Cloud whose life-drops mingle yet  
With her maternal clay.

RESIGNATION.

BEHOLD, in summer's parching thirst,  
The while the waters pass them by,  
The hills, like Tantalus accurst,  
In silent anguish lie,  
Nor look they to the lowly vale  
Wherein their famished shadows glide,  
But, with uplifted glances pale,  
The will of Heaven abide.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE sculptor in the marble found  
Her hidden from the world around,  
As in a donjon keep:  
With gentle hand he took away  
The coverlet that o'er her lay,  
But left her fast asleep.

And still she slumbers; e'en as he  
Who saw in far futurity  
What now before us lies —  
The fairest vision that the stream  
Of night, subsiding, leaves a gleam  
Beneath the noonday skies.

CLEOPATRA TO THE ASP.

*“Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?”*

LIE thou where Life hath lain,  
And let thy swifter pain  
His rival prove ;  
Till, like the fertile Nile,  
Death buries, mile for mile,  
This waste of Love.

Soft ! Soft ! A sweeter kiss  
Than Antony's is this !  
O regal Shade,  
Luxurious as sleep  
Upon thy bosom deep  
My heart is laid.

ADIEU.

GOD speed thee, setting Sun !  
Thy beams for me have spun  
Of light to-day  
A memory that one  
Alone could bring, and none  
Can take away.

ASLEEP.

NAY, wake him not!  
Unfelt our presence near,  
Nor falls a whisper on his dreaming ear:  
He sees but Sleep's celestial visions clear,  
All else forgot.

And who shall say  
That, in life's waking dream,  
There be not ever near us those we deem  
(As now our faces to the Sleeper seem)  
Far, far away?



IN SOLITUDE.

LIKE as a brook that all night long  
Sings, as at noon, a bubble-song  
To Sleep's unheeding ear,  
The Poet to himself must sing,  
When none but God is listening  
The lullaby to hear.

UNHEEDED.

YE heavens so cold and clear  
Above me weeping here,  
Where every blossom sheds a tear  
My grief to see ;  
No wonder, free from stain,  
Untroubled ye remain ;  
The vapors gendering the rain  
Are all with me !

ALL IN ALL.

ONE heaven above ;  
But many a heaven below  
The dewdrops show —  
God's tenderness  
Subdued in every teardrop to express  
The whole of Love.

## THE DEWS.

WE come and go, as the breezes blow,  
But whence or where  
Hath ne'er been told in the legends old  
By the dreaming seer.  
The welcome rain to the parching plain  
And the languid leaves,  
The rattling hail on the burnished mail  
Of the serried sheaves,  
The silent snow on the wintry brow  
Of the aged year,  
Wends each his way in the track of day  
From a clouded sphere :  
But still as the fog in the dismal bog  
Where the shifting sheen  
Of the spectral lamp lights the marshes damp,  
With a flash unseen  
We drip through the night from the starlids bright,  
On the sleeping flowers,  
And deep in their breast is our perfumed rest  
Through the darkened hours :  
But again with the day we are up and away  
With our stolen dyes,  
To paint all the shrouds of the drifting clouds  
In the eastern skies.

THE LIFE-TIDE.

EACH wave that breaks upon the strand,  
How swift soe'er to spurn the sand  
And seek again the sea,  
Christ-like, within its lifted hand  
Must bear the stigma of the land  
For all eternity.

ONSET.

L O, where the routed shadows pass,  
Upon each lifted blade of grass  
The tokens of a fray —  
Pale life-drops from the heart of Night,  
Mute witnesses of sudden flight  
Before the host of Day.

TO A BLIND BABE, SLEEPING.

ARE thy dreams dark ? or is the light  
Alone denied thy waking sight,  
While softer stars their vigils keep  
Within thy hemisphere of sleep ?

Yea : haply, as noon-blinded beams  
Awake in darkness, o'er thy dreams  
The pity that begets our tears,  
A kindling radiance appears.

FORESHADOWED.

**S**WALLOW, with the spring returning,  
In thine absence change hath been :

Dost thou mark the lonely places

Where no more my Love is seen ?

Never maiden welcomed thee

Home with lighter heart than she.

Flitting in the golden sunshine

Oft thy shadow o'er us strayed.

Still we smiled, nor recked the warning

Of a life-dividing shade,

Now, alas, the world to me

Mourns that doomful prophecy.



SUSPENSE.

BREATHLESS as the blue above thee  
Where a pausing vapor lies ;  
Here, the hearts on earth that love thee,  
There, the souls in Paradise —  
Host for host expectant of thee !  
Who shall win the prize ?

# IMMORTALITY.

**E**'EN now the spirit moves  
In visions yet to be,  
Whereof the present proves  
A dream and prophecy.  
For still, the shadows gone,  
With light forever new,  
Behold, another dawn  
Proclaims the promise true.

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## SECURITY.

THE Noonday smiles to hear  
The oft-repeated tale  
Of shadows lurking near  
Her sunbeams to assail :

Nor heeds the placid Night  
A prophecy of doom  
To drown her stars in light  
As fathomless as gloom.

PILGRIMS.

U NTO the fane of Silence come,  
Love-led from alien lands,  
Pale pilgrim Prayers with upward glance,  
And falling tears, and lifted hands,  
And lips with stanch'd emotion dumb,  
To ask for utterance.

There, shadow-like, with folded wings,  
In reverence apart,  
They wait till lingering Time hath brought,  
In words or music to the heart,  
What Spring to wintry Nature brings, —  
Release for prisoned Thought.

IN THE DEATH CHAMBER.

STILL upon the vacant wall  
Doth the silver phantom fall,  
Like a glory in the gloom  
Of the long-deserted room.

Soul departed, can it be  
Thou, death-laurelled majesty,  
Mingling, in the moon's disguise,  
With our midnight reveries ?

THE DEPARTED.

THEY cannot wholly pass away,  
How far soe'er above ;  
Nor we, the lingerers, wholly stay  
Apart from those we love:  
For spirits in eternity,  
As shadows in the sun,  
Reach backward into Time, as we,  
Like lifted clouds, reach on.

## THE FOUNDLING.

WHAT time the wandering mother Night  
Made ready to depart,  
A new-born, trembling Dream of Light  
She laid upon my heart.  
“Keep it,” she sighed, and bending low  
Wept o’er it where it lay ;  
Then, suddenly as April snow,  
Went vanishing away.

## RETROSPECT.

THE heavens that seemed so far away  
When old-time grief was near,  
Beyond the vista seen to-day,  
Close o'er my life appear ;  
For there, in reconciliation sweet,  
The human and divine,  
The loftiest and the lowliest, meet  
On love's horizon-line.



REFLECTION.

STARS that with a softer glow  
Waken in the wave below,  
All the stars above you grow  
Wiser for the beams ye throw —  
Light whereby alone they know  
Why we mortals love them so.

## COMMUNION.

ONCE when my heart was passion-free  
To learn of things divine,  
The soul of nature suddenly  
Outpoured itself in mine.

I held the secrets of the deep,  
And of the heavens above ;  
I knew the harmonies of sleep,  
The mysteries of love.

And for a moment's interval  
The earth, the sky, the sea —  
My soul encompassed, each and all,  
As now they compass me.

To one in all, to all in one —  
Since Love the work began —  
Life's ever widening circles run,  
Revealing God and man.

## TRANSFIGURATION.

THE cloud unto its parent stream  
That rushes to the sea  
Reveals a far-reflected dream  
Of heaven's tranquillity ;  
And unto faith's adoring sight  
A mystery appears, —  
A cloud transfigured of the light  
In every tide of tears.

BREAD.

STILL surmounting as I came  
Wind and water, frost and flame,  
Night and day, the livelong year,  
From the burial-place of seed,  
From the earth's maternal bosom,  
Through the root, and stem, and blossom,  
To supply thy present need,  
Have I journeyed here.

SAND.

STERILE sister though I be,  
Twinborn to the barren Sea,  
Yet of all things fruitful we  
Wait the end; and presently,  
Lo, they are not! then to me  
(Children to the nurse's knee)  
Come the billows fresh and free,  
Breathing Immortality.

## THE MARSH.

THE woods have voices, and the sea,  
Her choral-song and threnody :  
But thou alike to sun and rain  
Dost mute and motionless remain.

As pilgrims to the shrine of Sleep,  
Through all thy solemn spaces creep  
The Tides — a moment on thy breast  
To pause in sacramental rest ;  
Then, flooded with the mystery,  
To sink reluctant to the sea,  
In landward loneliness to yearn  
Till to thy bosom they return.

## BEACON LIGHTS.

SISTER Blossoms, ye have kept  
So near the Master while ye slept  
That, as upon the Martyr's face,  
His light celestial we trace  
In yours, revealing dreams that He,  
Asleep upon the stormy sea,  
Beheld, as though your light alone  
His beacon in the darkness shone.

OUTSPEEDED.

**T**O-NIGHT the onward-rushing train  
Would bear thee far from me ;  
But, winged with swifter dreams, again  
My spirit flies to thee.

Nay, speeding far beyond thee, waits  
To welcome thee anew,  
Where Dawn is opening the gates  
To let the darkness through.



## THE SIREN STREAM TO THE OUTCAST.

COME, for my waves what I can never know  
Of calm bestow ;

And thou, alas, like them, hast wandered far !

Come, erring star —

Aweary now — come take thy fill of rest

Upon my breast.

Come, for they call thee. Lean thy listening ear

And thou shalt hear

How soft the sigh that woos thee to the deep

Of endless sleep,

Wherein the past and all its passion seem

A vanished dream.

Behold, I cleanse whate'er of soilure clings

To drooping wings :

Whate'er abides of dust or cleaving clay,

I purge away ;

Like fire, refining, but apart from pain,

All dross and stain.

The fever-flame that through thy being burns,

My bosom yearns

To quench. Behold, the ripples run to meet

A sister's feet,

With murmurs, not of scorn, but tenderness,

To soothe and bless.

AT LAST.

**H**OW full of phantoms are the days  
That shorten as they go !  
Along the once frequented ways,  
Alas, are none I know !  
Lone relic of reality,  
I too a phantom fain would be.

THE PILGRIM.

WHEN, but a child, I wandered hence,  
Another child — sweet Innocence,

My sister — went with me:  
But I have lost her, and am fain  
To seek her in the home again  
Where we were wont to be.

MY GUIDE.

LIFT up thine eyes, my child,  
That I may see  
The innocence that smiled  
In one like thee —  
Thy mother gone.

Scarce older than thou art,  
With maiden power  
She won a wayward heart,  
That till that hour  
Had worshipped none.

Swift as a bird of Spring  
In joyous flight,  
That cleaves with shadeless wing  
The sea of light,  
Our morning fled.

When, sudden gloom — and lo!  
A troubled sky —  
A wail of stifled woe —  
An agony —  
And hope was dead.

Then, as a crystal tear  
Of sorrow born,  
Didst thou, pale star, appear,  
Like me forlorn  
In cheerless night.

I wept, and weeping turned  
To gaze on thee,  
And through the mist discerned  
A beam for me,  
Lit of her light.

GIULIO.

“FATHER !” — the trembling voice betrayed  
The troubled heart. “Be not afraid.”

I softly answered : “Woe is me !  
Dead unto all but misery !  
And yet, a child of innocence  
Is mine — a son unknowing whence  
His origin — whom, unaware,  
As with an angel’s watchful care,  
Thy gentle hand hath guided. Now  
He waits the consecrating vow  
Of priesthood, and to-morrow stands  
A Levite, with uplifted hands  
To bless thee. May a mother dare  
To look upon that face, and share,  
Unseen, the blessing of her son ?  
Deny me not. So be it done  
To thee in thy last agony,  
As now thou doest unto me !”

She had her will. Secluded there  
Within a cloistered place of prayer,  
We saw, and wept ; then, all unknown,  
Shrunk back into the world, alone.

Days passed. A winter’s cheerless morn  
With summons came. A soul forlorn

Craved help in danger imminent ;  
And, Christlike, on his mission went  
The new anointed.

“ Strange,” he said,  
“ The gleams, like inspiration, shed  
Upon the dying ! There she lay,  
Poor reprobate ! life’s stormy day  
In clouds departing. Suddenly,  
As from a trance, beholding me,  
‘ *Giulio !* hast thou come ? ’ she cried,  
And with her arms about me, died.”

He wondered ; and I turned away,  
Lest tears my secret should betray.

### BETRAYED.

WHEN first, a new-born babe, he smiled,  
Ere yet a name was given,  
We knew not if the stranger child  
Were more of earth or heaven.

His eyes, twin dewdrops, took the light  
Of noonday's perfect blue :  
His cheeks, young apple-blossoms white,  
To warmer blushes grew.

His lips, — a rosy oracle,  
And fragrant as a flower's, —  
Like breathing petals, seemed to tell  
Of sweeter thoughts than ours.

His name ? — It is a balmy word  
Of sound and silence wove ;  
We caught it when an Echo stirred  
In sleep, and whispered — “ Love.”



## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE Fir-tree felt it with a thrill  
And murmur of content ;  
The last dead Leaf its cable slipt  
And from its moorings went ;

The selfsame silent messenger  
To one the shibboleth  
Of Life imparting, and to one  
The countersign of Death.

AN INTERVIEW.

**I** SAT with chill December  
Beside the evening fire.

“And what do you remember,”

I ventured to inquire,

“Of seasons long forsaken?”

He answered in amaze,

“My age you have mistaken :

I’ve lived but thirty *days*.”

## ANTICIPATION.

THE master scans the woven score  
Of subtle harmonies, before  
A note is stirred ;  
And Nature now is pondering  
The tidal symphony of Spring,  
As yet unheard.

THE TRYST OF SPRING.

STERN Winter sought the hand of Spring,  
And, tempered to her milder mood,  
Died leafless on the budding breast  
He fondly wooed.

She wept for him her April tears,  
But, from the shadows wandering soon,  
Dreamed of a warmer love to come  
With lordly June.

He scatters roses at her feet,  
And sunshine o'er her queenly brow,  
And through the listening silence breathes  
A bridal vow.

She answers not ; but, like a mist  
O'er-brimmed and tremulous with light,  
In sudden tears she vanishes  
Before his sight.

ONE APRIL MORN.

TWIN violets amid the dew  
Unfolded soft their petals blue  
To find the winter's dream come true,  
One April morn.

Two warmer, softer, violet eyes,  
Beneath the selfsame April skies,  
Fulfilled a dream of paradise,  
One April morn.

Dawn-blossoms of a changeful day,  
Ye would not till the twilight stay,  
But, ere the noontide, sped away,  
One April morn.

AN APRIL PRAYER.

**L**ORD, to thy signal-light the trees  
In leaf and flower reply :  
Let not my heart, more dull than these,  
Alone unawakened lie.

## AN AUTUMN LEAF.

A NURSLING of the under-green,  
A tethered wing I poised between  
A heaven above and heaven below —  
Twin Sisters, mirrored in the glow  
Of limpid waters — where the breeze,  
Blind comrade of the listening trees,  
Came wakening with soft caress  
The shadows dumb and motionless.

There once, at summer's close, a flame  
Of fire and song, a Redbird came,  
And, perched upon my parent limb,  
Outpoured his soul. From joy abrim,  
The bubbling vintage of his brain,  
I quaffed, the while each fibre-vein,  
Deep-reddening with emotion, stirred.  
Alas ! he heeded not nor heard !  
But when he ceased, and flew away,  
A panting prisoner I lay,  
Close-fettered, till the kindred fire  
Of frost lit up the autumn pyre :  
Then, suddenly, the tidal swell  
Of sap receded, and I fell.

MATER DOLOROSA.

AGAIN maternal Autumn grieves,  
As blood-like drip the maple leaves  
On Nature's Calvary,  
And every sap-forsaken limb  
Renews the mystery of Him  
Who died upon a Tree.



## INDIAN SUMMER.

NO more the battle or the chase  
The phantom tribes pursue,  
But each in its accustomed place  
The Autumn hails anew :  
And still from solemn councils set  
On every hill and plain,  
The smoke of many a calumet  
Ascends to heaven again.

OCTOBER.

BEHOLD, the fleeting swallow  
Forsakes the frosty air ;  
And leaves, alert to follow,  
Are falling everywhere,  
Like wounded birds, too weak  
A distant clime to seek.

And soon, with silent pinions,  
The fledglings of the North  
From winter's wild dominions  
Shall drift, affrighted, forth,  
And, phantom-like, anon  
Pursue the phantoms gone.

FROM THE UNDERGROUND.

BEHOLD, before the wintry gale,  
Across the sea of Night,  
How many a fragrant blossom-sail  
Comes drifting to the light !

Whence are they ? Who hath piloted  
Their journey from afar ?  
The self-same miracle that led  
The Magi and the Star.

THE SNOWDROP.

BEHOLD, from winter's sleeping side,  
The sacramental power  
Of Nature fashioneth a bride  
As fair as Eden's flower.

## WIND-FLOWERS.

AS whispers for a moment rest  
Upon the brink of sound,  
Here fragrant breezes blossom-drest,  
Half-visible are found.

AN APRIL BLOOM.

WHENCE art thou ? From what chrysalis  
Of silence hast thou come ?  
What thought in thee finds utterance  
Of dateless ages dumb —  
Outspeeding in the distance far  
The herald glances of a star  
As yet unseen ?

Wast thou, ere thine awakening here,  
In other realms a-bloom ?  
Or swathed in seamless cerements  
Of immemorial gloom,  
Till now, as Nature's pulses move,  
Thou blossomest, a breath of Love,  
Her lips between ?

PEACH BLOOM.

A DREAM in fragrant silence wrought,  
A blossoming of petaled thought,  
A passion of these April days, —  
The blush of Nature now betrays.

MIGNONETTE.

GIVE me the earth, and I might heap  
A mountain from the plain ;  
Give me the waters of the deep,  
I might their strength restrain ;  
But here a secret of the sod  
Betrays the daintier hand of God.



CLOVER.

LITTLE masters, hat in hand,  
Let me in your presence stand,  
Till your silence solve for me  
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me — for I long to know —  
How, in darkness there below,  
Was your fairy fabric spun,  
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,  
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,  
Ere your triple forms were seen,  
Suited liveries of green ?

Can ye — if ye dwelt indeed  
Captives of a prison seed —  
Like the Genie, once again  
Get you back into the grain ?

Little masters, may I stand  
In your presence, hat in hand,  
Waiting till you solve for me  
This your threefold mystery ?

IMMORTELLES.

“THEY toil not, neither do they spin” —  
The blossom-Thoughts that here within  
The garden of my soul arise,  
Alike unheeding wintry skies ;  
Or sun or rain, or night or day,  
And never hence to pass away.

## SONG OF THE MORNING-GLORIES.

WE wedded each a star, —  
A warrior true,  
That plighted faith afar  
In drops of dew.

But comes the cruel Dawn :  
The dew is dry ;  
And we, our lovers gone,  
Lamenting, die.

“CONSIDER THE LILIES.”

’T IS not the radiant star above  
That breathes for me the lore of love  
As doth the dewy censer sweet  
That Heaven enkindles at my feet.

Yea, more for me of tenderness  
Is uttered in the mute caress  
Upon these moistened petals found,  
Than e’er was wedded unto sound.

TO A WOOD-VIOLET.

IN this secluded shrine,  
O miracle of grace,  
No mortal eye but mine  
Hath looked upon thy face.

No shadow but mine own  
Hath screened thee from the sight  
Of Heaven, whose love alone  
Hath led me to thy light.

Whereof — as shade to shade  
Is wedded in the sun, —  
A moment's glance hath made  
Our souls forever one.

A LOTUS BLOOM.

WAS the dream thou wovest me,  
But a blossom-fantasy ?  
When it faded from my brain,  
Flushed it into flower again ?

When thy blossom withereth —  
When the fairer flower of Death  
Weaves its vision — shall the dream  
Mine or thine, returning, seem ?

A RUBRIC.

THE aster puts its purple on  
When flowers begin to fall,  
To suit the solemn antiphon  
Of Autumn's ritual ;

And deigns, unwearied, to stand  
In robes pontifical,  
Till Indian Summer leaves the land,  
And Winter spreads the pall.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

WHEN snow, like silence visible,  
Hath hushed the summer bird,  
Thy voice, a never-frozen rill  
Of melody, is heard.

But when from winter's lethargy  
The buds begin to blow,  
Thy voice is mute, and suddenly  
Thou vanishest like snow.



## TO THE WOOD-ROBIN.

THE wooing air is jubilant with song,  
And blossoms swell  
As leaps thy liquid melody along  
The dusky dell,  
Where Silence, late supreme, foregoes her wonted spell.

Ah, whence, in sylvan solitudes remote,  
Hast learned the lore  
That breeds delight in every echoing note,  
The woodlands o'er ;  
As when, through slanting sun, descends the quicken-  
ing shower ?

Thy hermitage is peopled with the dreams  
That gladden sleep ;  
Here Fancy dallies with delirious themes  
Mid shadows deep,  
Till eyes, unused to tears, with wild emotions weep.

We rise, alas, to find our visions fled !  
But thine remain.  
Night weaves of golden harmonies the thread,  
And fills thy brain  
With joys that overflow in Love's awakening strain.

Yet thou, from mortal influence apart,  
    Seek'st naught of praise ;  
The empty plaudits of the emptier heart  
    Taint not thy lays :  
Thy Maker's smile alone thy tuneful bosom sways.

Teach me, thou warbling eremite, to sing  
    Thy rhapsody ;  
Nor borne on vain ambition's vaunting wing,  
    But led of thee,  
To rise from earthly dreams to hymn Eternity.

## THE DEAD THRUSH.

LOVE of nest and mate and young,  
Woke the music of his tongue,  
While upon the fledgling's brain  
Soft it fell as scattered grain,  
There to blossom tone for tone  
Into echoes of his own.

Doth the passion wholly die  
When the fountainhead is dry?  
Nay : as vapor from the sea,  
Lives the dream eternally ;  
Soon the silent clouds again  
Melt in rhapsodies of rain.

CHRISTMAS.

THE womb of Silence bears the Eternal Word,  
And yet no sound is heard :  
The womb of Mary, Virgin undefiled,  
Mothers the Heaven-born Child.

## THE LAMB-CHILD.

WHEN Christ the Babe was born,  
Full many a little lamb  
Upon the wintry hills forlorn  
Was nestled near its dam ;

And, waking or asleep,  
Upon His mother's breast,  
For love of her, each mother-sheep  
And baby-lamb He blessed.

THE ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS QUEST.

“WHERE have ye laid my Lord?  
Behold, I find Him not !

Hath He, in heaven adored,

His home forgot ?

Give me, O sons of men,

My truant God again !”

“ A voice from sphere to sphere —

A faltering murmur — ran,

‘ Behold, He is not here !

Perchance with Man,

The lowlier made than we,

He hides His majesty.’ ”

Then, hushed in wondering awe,

The spirit held his breath,

And bowed : for, lo, he saw

O’ershadowing Death,

A Mother’s hands above,

Swathing the limbs of Love !

## RESTRAINT.

PAUSE while thine eyes are alien to the scene  
That lies before thee. Let the Fancy range,  
As yet she may, sole sovereign of the strange  
Uncharted region of that wide demesne  
Where Truth the tyrant never yet hath been.

He, once supreme, as in a narrowed grange  
Thenceforth abides forever — Chance and Change  
Foregone his guarded barriers between.

Pass not: before the all-discerning Light

The angels veil their faces. To the wise  
The tree of Knowledge in their Eden stands

Untasted, lest the Death that in it lies  
Prevail, the bud of Innocence to blight,  
And cloud the glimpse of ever-widening lands.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

'T IS Christmas night ! Again —  
But not from heaven to earth —  
Rings forth the old refrain  
“ A Saviour's Birth ! ”

Nay, listen : 't is below !  
A song that soars above,  
From human hearts aglow  
With heavenly love !



## ON CALVARY.

**I**N the shadow of the rood  
Love and Shame together stood ;  
Love, that bade Him bear the blame  
Of her fallen sister Shame ;  
Shame, that by the pangs thereof  
Bade Him break His heart for Love.

TO THE CRUCIFIX.

DAY after day the spear of morning bright  
Pierces again the ever-wounded side,  
Pointing at once the birthspring of the Light,  
And where for Love the Light Eternal died.

STABAT MATER.

THE star that in his splendor hid her own,  
At Christ's Nativity,  
Abides — a widowed satellite — alone,  
On tearful Calvary.

EASTER EVE.

L O, now His deadliest foes prevail !  
And where His bleeding footsteps fail,  
Like wolves upon a victim's trail,  
They gloat, in purple mockery, “ *Hail!* ”

O cloud ! O regal vesture torn !  
O shadow on the shoulders borne !  
O diadem ! — one starry thorn  
Shall blossom into Easter morn !

EASTER MORNING.

BEHOLD, the night of sorrow gone,  
Like Magdalen the tearful Dawn  
Goes forth with love's anointing sweet,  
To kiss again the Master's feet !

## EASTER FLOWERS.

**W**E are His witnesses; out of the dim,  
Dank region of Death we have risen with Him.  
Back from our sepulchre rolleth the stone,  
And Spring, the bright Angel, sits smiling thereon.

We are His witnesses. See, where we lay  
The snow that late bound us is folded away ;  
And April, fair Magdalen, weeping anon,  
Stands flooded with light of the new-risen Sun!

GOD.

I SEE Thee in the distant blue ;  
But in the Violet's dell of dew,  
Behold, I *breathe* and *touch* Thee too.

TENEBRÆ.

W<sup>H</sup>ATE'ER my darkness be,  
'T is not, O Lord, of Thee :  
The light is Thine alone ;  
The shadows, all my own.



DEUS ABSCONDITUS.

MY God has hid Himself from me  
Behind whatever else I see;  
Myself — the nearest mystery —  
As far beyond my grasp as He.

And yet, in darkest night, I know,  
While lives a doubt-discerning glow,  
That larger lights above it throw  
These shadows in the vale below.

GOD'S LIKENESS.

**N**OT in mine own, but in my neighbor's face,  
Must I Thine image trace :  
Nor he in his, but in the light of mine,  
Behold thy Face Divine.

MY MEDIATOR.

“**N**ONE betwixt God and me ?”  
“Behold, my neighbor, thee,  
Unto His lofty throne  
He makes my stepping-stone.”

THE SONG OF THE MAN.

“THE woman gave, and I did eat.”  
Whereof gave she ?

“’T was of the garden fruitage sweet —  
A portion fair to see ;  
She plucked and ate, and I did eat,  
And lost alike are we ;  
God saith,  
Ye die the death !

“The woman gave, and I did eat.”  
Whereof gave she ?

“’T was of her womb a Burden sweet —  
But sad, alas, to see ;  
She took and ate, and I did eat,  
And saved alike are we ;  
God saith,  
So dieth Death !”

## CHARITY.

IF but the world would give to Love  
The crumbs that from its table fall,  
'T were bounty large enough for all  
The famishing to feed thereof.

And Love, that still the laurel wins  
Of Sacrifice, would lovelier grow,  
And round the world a mantle throw  
To hide its multitude of sins.

FULFILMENT.

NO bloom forgotten ! but upon each face  
The dews baptismal, and the selfsame sign  
Of Night's communion, that the fervid gaze  
Of Paschal Morning changes into wine.

ON SEA AND LAND.

ONE sobbing wave, above her fellows blest,  
His feet caressed :  
One homeless heart — the lone, unbidden guest —  
Her God confessed.

STILLING THE TEMPEST.

'T WAS all she could : — The gift that Nature  
gave,

The torrent of her tresses — did she spill  
Before His feet : and lo, the troubled wave  
Of passion heard His whisper, “ Peace, be still ! ”



## THE POSTULANT.

I N ashes from the wasted fires of noon,  
A weary of the light,  
Comes Evening, a tearful novice, soon  
To take the veil of night.

PURGATORY.

HOW long, O Lord, how long  
These penal fires among?  
— Till love with fiercer flame  
The strength of torture tame.

BETTER.

BETTER for Sin to dwell from Heaven apart  
In foulest night,  
Than on its lidless eyeballs feel the dart  
Of torturing Light.  
Better to pine in floods of sulphurous fire,  
Than far above  
Behold the bliss of satisfied desire,  
Nor taste thereof.  
Yea, Love is Lord, e'en where the Powers of Pain  
Undying dwell :  
Defiled, in spotless glory to remain  
Were deeper hell.

LONE-LAND.

A ROUND us lies a world invisible,  
With isles of Dreams, and many a continent  
Of Thought, and isthmus Fancy; where we dwell  
Each as a lonely wanderer intent  
Upon his vision; finding each his fears  
And hopes encompassed by the tide of Tears.

## QUATRAINS.



WOMAN.

**S**HALL she come down, and on our level stand?  
Nay ; God forbid it ! May a mother's eyes —  
Love's earliest home, the heaven of Babyland —  
Forever bend above us as we rise.

OPPORTUNITY.

ONCE only did the Angel stir  
The pool, whereat She paused in pain :  
Another step outspeeded her ;  
The waters ne'er have moved again.



LIFE.

**T**HE Power that lifts the leaf above  
And sends the root below,  
Sustains the heart in brother-love  
And makes it heavenward grow.

DEATH.

SO sweet to tired mortality the night  
Of Life's laborious day,  
That God himself, o'erwearied of the light,  
Within its shadow lay.

RELEASE.

S O long am I a prisoner  
As Time and Thought surround me here :  
When Time is dead, and Memory  
Deserts the ramparts, I am free.

LIGHT.

WE know thee not, save that when thou art gone,  
Thy sister, Beauty, follows in thy train,  
Leaving the soul in exile till the dawn  
Come with the gift of franchisement again.

IN DARKNESS.

DUMB Silence and her sightless sister Sleep  
Glide, mistlike, through the deepening Vale of  
Night ;  
Waking, where'er their shadowy garments sweep,  
Dream-voices and an echoing dream of light.

SILENCE.

A SEA wherein the rivers of all sound  
Their streams incessant pour,  
But whence no tide returning e'er hath found  
An echo on the shore.

FANCY.

A BOAT unmoored, wherein a dreamer lies,  
The slumberous waves low-lisping of a land  
Where Love, forever with unclouded eyes,  
Goes, wed with wandering Music, hand in hand.

FAME.

THEIR noonday never knows  
What names immortal are :  
'T is night alone that shows  
How star surpasseth star.



TIME'S LEGACY.

THE night so long to Grief,  
The day to Joy so brief,  
What shall Eternity  
To each, unaltered, be!

A CRISIS.

O LEAF, against the twilight seen,  
Move not ; for at thy side  
Gleams, trembling lest thou intervene,  
My hope, my star, my guide.

THE CYNOSURE.

SO let me in thy heaven of thought appear,  
As doth a twilight star —  
The harbinger of tenderest hopes anear,  
And memories afar.

RESISTANCE.

**R**ESISTANCE to its pinions light  
Uplifts the bird in airy flight;  
Resistance to the wingèd soul  
Uplifts it to the lofty goal.

## THE BILLOWS.

OF tribes that in the desert fell  
The wandering souls are we —  
Wind-scattered seed of Ishmael  
Upon the sterile sea.

THE VOYAGER.

COLUMBUS-LIKE, I sailed into the night,  
The sunset gold to find:

Alas! 't was but the phantom of the light!

Life's Indies lay behind!

ADRIFT.

THE calm horizon circles only me,  
The centre of its measureless embrace, —  
A bubble on the bosom of the sea,  
Itself a bubble in the bound of space.

DEEP UNTO DEEP.

WHERE limpid waters lie between,  
There only heaven to heaven is seen:  
Where flows the tide of mutual tears  
There only heart to heart appears.



VESTIGES.

UPON the Isle of Time we trace  
The signs of many a vanished race:  
But on the sea that laps it round,  
No memory of man is found.

THE MID-DAY MOON.

BEHOLD, whatever wind prevail,  
Slow westering, a phantom sail —  
The lonely soul of Yesterday —  
Unpiloted, pursues her way.

TO AN EVENING SHADE.

O PILGRIM, ever yearning for the East,  
What fate before thee lies ?

“ The spouse of Night, and, from the wedding feast,  
The Morning’s sacrifice.”

HEROES.

AGAINST the night, a champion bright,  
The glow-worm, lifts a spear of light ;  
And, undismayed, the slenderest shade  
Against the noonday bares a blade.

LANIER'S FLUTE.

WHEN palsied at the pool of Thought  
The Poet's words were found,  
Thy voice the healing Angel brought  
To touch them into sound.

POE-CHOPIN.

O'ER each the soul of Beauty flung  
A shadow mingled with the breath  
Of music that the Sirens sung,  
Whose utterance is death.

TO AN EXILE.

AS still upon the prophet shone  
A light, when God himself was gone,  
So lives, unbanished from thine eyes,  
The splendor of thy native skies.

TO A DYING BABE.

**O** BUBBLE, break ! All heaven thou hast  
Unsullied in thy heart !

Ere Time its shadow on thee cast

Love calls thee to depart.



MY SECRET.

'T IS not what I am fain to hide,  
That doth in deepest darkness dwell,  
But what my tongue hath often tried,  
Alas, in vain, to tell.

IN ABSENCE.

ALL that thou art not, makes not up the sum  
Of what thou art, beloved, unto me :  
All other voices, wanting thine, are dumb ;  
All vision, in thine absence, vacancy.

A REMONSTRANCE.

SING me no more, sweet warbler, for the dart  
Of joy is keener than the flash of pain:  
Sing me no more, for the re-echoed strain  
Together with the silence breaks my heart.

NEW AND OLD.

NEW blossoms from the selfsame earth,  
Beneath the selfsame skies ;  
New hope with dawn's perennial birth,  
The selfsame heaven supplies.

THE FIG-TREE.

FIRST go-between in fallen man's defence,  
To shield, or share his blame.

Christ-like, to lend the robe of innocence

Wherewith to hide his shame.

THE BEE AND THE BLOSSOMS.

WHY stand ye idle, blossoms bright,  
The livelong summer day ?

“ Alas ! we labor all the night  
For what thou takest away ! ”

BONE-CASTANETS.

A PART, of death and silence we,  
The fittest emblems found,  
Together, mad with minstrelsy,  
Leap into life and sound.





SONNETS.



DAYBREAK.

WHAT was thy dream, sweet Morning ? for,  
    behold,

Thine eyes are heavy with the balm of night,  
And, as reluctant lilies to the light,  
The languid lids of lethargy unfold.

Was it the tale of Yesterday retold —

An echo wakened from the western height,  
Where the warm glow of sunset dalliance bright  
Grew, with the pulse of waning passion, cold ?

Or was it some heraldic vision grand

Of legends that forgotten ages keep  
In twilight, where the sundering shoals of day  
Vex the dim sails, unpiloted, of Sleep,  
Till, one by one, the freighting fancies gay,  
Like bubbles, vanish on the treacherous strand ?

# FORECAST.

ALL night a rose, with budding warmth aglow,  
Above a sleeper's dreamful visage hung,  
Pale with intenser passion than the tongue  
Of man is tuned to utter. Breathing low,  
The night winds, fledged with odor, to and fro  
Went wandering the languid leaves among ;  
While darkling woke a mocking-bird, and sung  
All echoes that the noonday warblers know.  
The dream, the song, the odor, each in one  
Upbreathing as a starry vapor, spread,  
And from the golden minarets of morn,  
Far heralding the unawakened sun,  
A rapture as of poesy outshed  
Upon the spirit of a babe unborn.

## TO AN IDOL.

MUTE oracle of meek humanity,  
Save to its sense of blindness wholly blind,  
That drifting wide in misery, to find  
Some beacon o'er the night-encumbered sea,  
Steered in pathetic ignorance to thee ;  
What sighs, what tears — of agony confined  
Within the sunless prison of the mind,  
Walled up of doubt, and locked in mystery,  
Couldst thou, if thought were voluble, reveal,  
Of panting love, and hopes all winged to rise  
But netted of bewilderment, and worn  
To thin despair, deep-shuddering to feel  
No warmth below, above, no sympathies,  
No rest but in oblivion forlorn!

KEDRON.

WHERE silence broods on ruin, thou alone,  
Sweet oracle, in rippling numbers low,

Dost onward through the waste of ages flow,  
As an eternal echo. With thy tone

Blent David's holy anthems, and the moan

That shook his heart in exile didst thou know,

What time his tears of tributary woe

Commingled with thy wave. And David's Son

In after years, on Love's vicarious way,

Breathed life above thee, and thy torrent told  
Its music to the wide-proclaiming sea:

And still, through all earth's changes manifold,  
Where death and silence strive for mastery,

Throbs the prophetic burden of thy lay.

## THE DRUID.

GODLIKE beneath his grave divinities,  
The last of all their worshippers, he stood.

The shadows of a vanished multitude  
Enwound him, and their voices in the breeze  
Made murmur, while the meditative trees

Reared of their strong fraternal branches rude  
A temple meet for prayer. What blossoms strewed  
The path between Life's morning hours and these?  
What lay beyond the darkness? He alone

The sunshine and the shadow and the dew  
Had shared alike with leaf, and flower, and stem:  
Their life had been his lesson; and from them

A dream of immortality he drew,  
As in their fate foreshadowing his own.

## THE HERMIT.

HIGH on the hoary mountain-top he dwelt  
Alone with God, whose handiwork above

The wonders of the firmament approve  
In an eternal silence. There he spelt

The name of the Omnipotent, and knelt  
In lowly reverence of adoring love.

Beneath him, all the elements that move  
In Nature's prayerful harmonies he felt,  
And knew their mystic meaning. Thus the tone

Of lifted billows, and the storm that sways  
The forest-seas in chorus, spake alone

Divinity, scarce hidden from his gaze ;  
And with their mighty voices blent his own  
In one majestic utterance of praise.



POE.

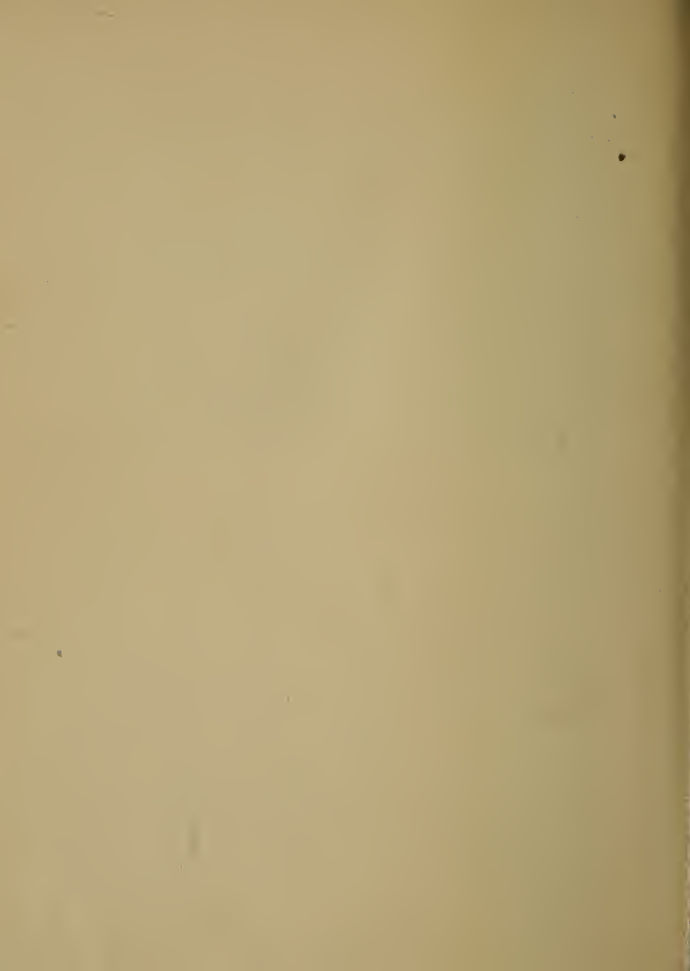
SAD spirit, swathed in brief mortality,  
Of Fate and fervid fantasies the prey,  
Till the remorseless demon of dismay  
O'erwhelmed thee — lo! thy doleful destiny  
Is chanted in the requiem of the sea  
And shadowed in the crumbling ruins gray  
That beetle o'er the tarn. Here all the day  
The Raven broods on solitude and thee:  
Here gloats the moon at midnight, while the Bells  
Tremble, but speak not lest thy Ulalume  
Should startle from her slumbers, or Lenore  
Hearken the love-forbidden tone that tells  
The shrouded legend of thine early doom  
And blast the bliss of heaven forevermore.

SHELLEY.

SHELLEY, the ceaseless music of thy soul  
Breathes in the Cloud and in the Skylark's song,  
That float as an embodied dream along  
The dewy lids of morning. In the dole  
That haunts the West Wind, in the joyous roll  
Of Arethusan fountains, or among  
The wastes where Ozymandias the strong  
Lies in colossal ruin, thy control  
Speaks in the wedded rhyme. Thy spirit gave  
A fragrance to all nature, and a tone  
To inexpressive silence. Each apart —  
Earth, Air, and Ocean — claims thee as its own ;  
The twain that bred thee, and the panting wave  
That clasped thee, like an overflowing heart.

## AT KEATS'S GRAVE.

“ I FEEL the flowers growing over me.”  
Prophetic thought! Behold, no cypress gloom  
Portrays in dim memorial the doom  
That quenched the ray of starlike destiny !  
E'en death itself deals tenderly with thee:  
For here, the livelong year, the violets bloom  
And swing their fragrant censers till the tomb  
Forgets the legend of mortality.  
Nay: while the pilgrim periods of time  
Alternate song and holy requiem sing,  
As through the circling centuries sublime  
They scatter frost, or genial sunshine bring,  
With gathered sweets of every varying clime  
They weave around thee one perpetual Spring.



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